

Good Morning 443

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



**We three,
A. B. Lomax,
P.O. McCann,
A. B. Evans**

"All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar;
Because there's something
about a sailor,
And you know what sailors
are!"

Yes, after writing for "Good Morning" since its inception, I know what sailors are. And I know a girl that loves not one, but three sailors—each one a handsome, husky submariner. That's why I really ought to start this story in a different way. What have submariners got that I haven't got?

Please don't get me wrong. I'm going to tell you the story about pretty, blonde eighteen year old Ruth. Ruth is the girl who loves three submariners, but you'd do her a grave injustice if you entered her name and address on the books of the Brush-Off Club.

Ruth isn't trifling with the affections of these lads. Oh, no. If anything, she ought to be officially gazetted—or should it be cited?—as the Submariners' Sweetheart.

Why, did you say? Well, in the undersea fleet Ruth has:

Able Seaman Frank Lomax, (24), her brother.
Petty Officer Robert McCann, (25), her brother-in-law, and
Able Seaman Danny Evans, (19), boy friend No. 1.

Take a bow, you three, take a bow.

And there should be three cheers for Ruth, too, because not only is she lavishing her spare time and stamps in writing to these guys, but she sends 'em comforts that she has knitted, forwards 'em fags, swipes 'em sweets and lends a pretty hand at keeping their jobs open for them when the war is over.

Frank and Bob were engaged in fishing operations before the Little Man With The Moustache came on the scene. They used to go out in the stout ship "Fox," and many a time they've returned from a successful patrol in the Mersey.

And although the yacht was wrecked in a recent gale,

Ruth is still looking after the "Minnie"—an auxiliary vessel—and scrubbing the boards of the little shop in Davies-street, Widnes, until they are as white as snow.

You'll be pleased to know, Frank, that Mr. Ellis has given young George a fine model of the "Lancashire Witch," the first three-masted schooner to be launched from Brunerit's Yard at Widnes.

Here's a nice picture of Ruth keeping it spick and span. "Tell the lads that many of the neighbours keep saying that they'll patronise them when the war is over," Ruth said. "They'll be glad to know that all the folks at home are ready to rally round and give them all the help they can."

We tried to see your pretty wife, Lily, Bob, but we couldn't find the Waafery, although we searched Warrington for it.

Even though she leads a pretty busy life in the W.A.A.F., Lily spends most of her off-duty time with the Lomaxes, and she was expected the day after we called.

You'll be pleased to know that all the folks at Davies-street are determined that Lily shall have a 21st birthday party, and in order to make this possible, they are hoarding their precious rations for all they are worth.

So next time anybody starts telling tall stories about their mothers-in-law, you'll be able to produce this Good Morning as proof that there are some decent ones in this world. And it wasn't Mrs. Lomax who told us this story either.



They saw frail little fellow wearing glasses

The Crowd Roared!

John Allen Starts New Series of Sports Giants

THE vast White City Stadium was packed tight with an enthusiastic crowd, for it was May 29th, 1939, and the County Athletic Championships were in full swing.

It was very warm. Men had taken off their coats, and open-necked shirts were to be seen on all sides. Women, in their gaily-coloured dresses, added to the summer scene. But the eyes of the many thousands were resting on one man.

He was a little fellow, about 5ft. 7½ in. tall, very serious expression, and wearing glasses. He looked too frail to compete against such rippling-muscled giants. But, although small in stature, the little man was a giant among athletes.

His name was Sydney Wooderson.

NOW, Wooderson is one of those rare things you find in sport, a great champion who remains at the top for many years, yet never loses his sense of proportion and modesty.

His idea has always been to run a sporting race, never complain, and let other people do the talking about his ability. That is why the little man with the big reputation has gained in popularity with the passing of the years.

As he toed the line that May afternoon in 1939 few

people among those watching knew the story of the little chap who had broken the world mile record. Had, by sheer tenacity, developed his natural ability and proved to the world that Britain still produced the finest milers.

As a small boy Sydney Wooderson was so frail that his parents sent him into the country to "build up."

They themselves moved out of London, and the open air

and warm sunshine paid big dividends. By the time he had reached his thirteenth birthday Sydney had won his first cup for winning the quarter-mile championship of Valence School, Sutton.

That started him on the road to fame, and as he crouched, ready to commence the race for the County Championship, the crowd expected something sensational from Wooderson.

Out on the red cinder track Sydney Wooderson could hardly be seen because of the giants who surrounded him. But when the pistol cracked, and the field surged forward, it was wee Sydney who, like a bullet from a gun, shot into the lead.

As he strode round the cinders thousands of people, although the race had only just commenced, rose to their feet and cheered themselves hoarse with excitement.

And all because of a little chap, 5 ft. 7 ins. in height, but who was human dynamite clad in running vest and shorts.

Running beautifully, and showing a complete disregard for the others in the race, Wooderson clocked 61.2 seconds for the first quarter mile.

By now the field was stretched out, and as the champion increased the length of his stride, and began to unloosen some of that terrific power hidden deep inside of him, it thinned out even more.

When the first half-mile had been completed the clock showed 2 min. 5.4 seconds.

Two more laps to go—and the champion might well set up a new world record!

As Wooderson started the third lap the experts shook their heads, wondered, but said nothing. The third quarter of a mile race is always the most difficult, and the experts knew this, but wisely refrained from passing an opinion because Sydney Wooderson had a habit of always proving them wrong!

On sped the compact bundle of energy, topped by a cool racing brain, and the three-quarter mile found the clock registering 3 min. 8.2 seconds.

"He might well beat his record," one man was brave enough to remark, and when the crowd realised the wonderful race the little Blackheath Harrier was running, they increased the volume of their encouragement, and it was as much as Wooderson could do to hear the time shouted at him as he strode past the timekeeper.

That afternoon the White City enthusiasts topped their best efforts of cheering. The very roofs of the vast stands threatened to be lifted from the rest of the structure—and the little runner who was responsible for so much enthusiasm began to drive his spikes hard into the cinders and put on that final spurt which had won him the greatest honours of running.

The rest of the field were nowhere. It is doubtful if anyone thought of the other milers; Wooderson was the man.

He was, by sheer accident, attacking his own world record. This race was no carefully-planned handicap, timed to the second. It was a real race in which Wooderson's natural racing skill and ability were once more proving to be the world's best.

At last, with cheers of the crowd in his ears, Wooderson turned into the straight, and put even more vigour into his effort, although the smooth-running style would



not have suggested this. Ahead the white tape glistened in the sunlight, standing out against the background of red cinders and the faces of an enthusiastic crowd.

Then, with a final lunge, the world's greatest little-miler had forced his way past the winning post—and twelve seconds later, breathless, and marvelling at Wooderson's stamina, the nearest of his opponents followed suit.

For a second the vast crowd was silent while the timekeepers checked. All eyes were turned towards the screen where results and times are given.

The operator began to put up the result. Wooderson, of course, was first. Few cared who occupied the following places. Then, most important of all, came the time. Four minutes... Seven Point Four Seconds!

There was a murmur of disappointment. Everyone felt a personal sorrow, yet Wooderson, without any previous planning, had run a mile in only one second more than he had taken when setting up new figures. Actually it was the second fastest ever to be run in Europe, and must rank among the greatest races of all time.

Yet the little fellow who had gained the admiration of the crowd did not canter around to enjoy their cheers.

He quietly climbed into his track suit and sweater, took off his spikes, put on a pair of ordinary white canvas shoes, and went to the dressing-room to change.

A magnificent runner, a modest little athlete, and a great sportsman, Sydney Wooderson has made crowds roar with excitement in all parts of the world, but that May afternoon in 1939 will rank in the minds of many as his greatest day.

**Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1**

Home Town News

"PUTTY" PHILPOTT, who died at Plymouth last August, was the heaviest sailor afloat before he retired from the Navy in 1926, after serving for a spell in H.M.S. "Hood."

In those days he remained pretty steady at £2st., and was the despair of all cab drivers in ports abroad, where vehicles plying for hire are not always of the stoutest.

One night, "Putty," then at the height of his fame as the Navy's premier comedian, got into a cab in Gib. to drive to a concert at the Police Club, and the bottom dropped out!

Other drivers, surveying the wrecked vehicle, refused to take on "Putty" at any price, and he had to walk two miles to the club.

He was driving in a cab in Malta on another occasion when the shafts came off and the pony went on without him.

Life ashore agreed with "Putty" even better, and as licensee of the Brunswick Inn, Stonehouse, where he remained until bombed out in 1941, his weight actually increased, and at one time he tipped the beam at 28st.!

CYRIL MAUDE, the veteran actor, of "Grumpy" fame, quoted these extracts from letters to a Food Office, when opening a horticultural show at Plymouth:—

Please send me a form for cheap milk as I am expecting mother.

Please send me a form for supplying milk for having a child at reduced prices.

I have a baby two months

old, but did not know about it until the milkman told me. Sorry I have been so long filling in the form, but I have been in bed with my baby, and did not know it was running out till the milkman told me.

CAPT. ALEC BEECHMAN, M.P. for St. Ives, opening a garden show at Porthleven, was presented with a "champion pilchard," caught by a local fisherman, Mr. H. Hosking, in his fishing boat "Snow-drop."

It measured over a foot in length, and was described as "the largest pilchard ever caught off Porthleven."

"EXTRA turn" by a hen at a Red Cross sale in the Mid-Devon village of Denbury.

Inspired by the efforts of a comical pig which raised a good sum by posing in an armchair, the hen, while being auctioned, laid an egg. Thereafter bids were thick and fast!

IT was a lucky day for Miss Emma Croker, of Co. Limerick, when she noticed an advertisement for a companion chauffeur and decided to apply for the job.

She got it. That was six years ago. Some months ago her employer, 82-year-old Charles Still, of Walreddon Manor, Tavistock, died.

It was revealed recently that he left the whole of his estate, £13,800, less a few legacies amounting to £175, to Miss Croker, as a reward for her faithful service.

Mother is Saving, A.B. Tom Hanson

IT'S Friday, A.B. Thomas Hanson, and here's your mother working overtime as secretary of her street savings group.

She is pictured at her home, 17 Wellesley Avenue, Effesmere Port, and, as you can see, she is very busy keeping records of the £5 she collects weekly from the twenty houses in your road.

Each week she buys 2s. 6d. worth of stamps for you, and some for brother John in the Air Force and Stanley in the Army.

The money is mounting up gradually.

"A MOI!—A MOI!"

THE wind became violent and irregular. The Victoria ran real risks in the air. Tossed sometimes north, sometimes south, it could not find any constant wind.

"The Victoria is rushing along at the rate of at least thirty leagues an hour," said Fergusson. "Lean out and look how rapidly the country is disappearing under our feet. Look! that forest seems as if it were rushing towards us."

"The forest has become a clearing," answered the hunter. "And the clearing a village," answered Joe, a few moments later. "How astonished those niggers do look!"

While they had been talking the forest had given place to a large assemblage of huts built in a circle. In the midst grew a single tree, at the sight of which Joe exclaimed—

"If that tree has been 4,000 years growing such flowers, I don't think much of it."

It was a gigantic sycamore, and its entire trunk was covered with human bones. Joe's flowers were human heads, lately cut off, and fastened by daggers into the bark.

"That is the cannibal's war-tree!" said the doctor. "The Indians cut off the scalp, the Africans the entire head."

The village of human heads was already disappearing on the horizon; another, at a little distance, offered a spectacle no less repulsive; corpses half devoured, skeletons falling into dust, human limbs scattered here and there, all left to the hyenas and jackals.

"They are, doubtless, the bodies of criminals, exposed, like they are in Abyssinia, to wild beasts, who kill them at once, and then devour them at their leisure."

"It is not much worse than the gallows," said the Scotchman; "it is dirtier, that's all."

Bloody Massacre

All at once cries and whistling reached the ears of the travellers; they leaned out, and saw in an open plain a terrible spectacle. Two tribes were fighting furiously, sending clouds of arrows through the air. The combatants, eager to kill each other, did not notice the arrival of the Victoria; there were about three hundred of them, in an inextricable confusion, most of them covered with blood of the wounded; it was piteous to see.

At the apparition of the balloon there was a moment's halt; the howling increased; a few arrows were shot at the car,

and one of them came so near that Joe caught it in his hand.

"Let us get out of their reach!" cried the doctor; "we cannot afford to be imprudent."

The massacre went on; when a man fell, his enemy made haste to cut off his head; the women, mixed in the affray, picked up the heads and made a heap of them at each extremity of the battle-field; they often fought for the possession of their hideous trophies.

The chief of one of the tribes was distinguishable by his gigantic stature and herculean strength. With one hand he plunged his lance into the compact ranks of his enemies, whilst with the other he made great openings with hatchet blows.

At one moment he tossed away his lance, red with blood, threw himself on one of the wounded, cut off his arm in one blow, and putting it in his mouth began to bite it.

"Oh!" cried Kennedy. "The horrible creature. I can't contain myself any longer!" and the warlord struck down by a bullet in the forehead, fell backwards. Thereupon profound astonishment took possession of the warriors; this supernatural death reanimated the ardour of their adversaries, whilst it numbed them; in a second, the battle-field was abandoned by half the combatants.

The Carrions

But they did not get out of sight in time to miss seeing the victorious tribe throw themselves on the wounded, quarrel over the warm flesh, and devour it greedily. The howlings of the savages followed the Victoria as it mounted under the influence of the dilatation; but at last the wind carried them back south, and they left the scene of carnage and cannibalism.

The night was very dark. The doctor could not survey the country; he was fastened to a very high tree, the confused mass of which he could scarcely distinguish in the darkness. As usual, he took the nine o'clock watch, and at midnight Dick came to take his place.

Kennedy, leaning on the car, so as to watch the flame of the dilating apparatus, attentively surveyed the horizon, and, as often happens when the mind is suspicious or uneasy, he thought he made out some vagrant lights.

One moment he thought he saw one 200 feet off; but it was only a flash, and after that he saw nothing. It was doubtless one of those luminous sensations which the eye perceives in profound darkness.

Kennedy was reassured, and had again fallen into a dreamy contemplation, when a shrill whistle resounded through the air. Could it be the cry of any animal, of some night-bird, or did it issue from human lips?

Kennedy put his hand on the

FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON

By Jules Verne
Part X

doctor's shoulder, and awoke him at once.

"Hush!" said Kennedy, "speak low." "Is anything the matter?" "Yes, wake Joe."

Betraying Odour

As soon as Joe was awakened, the hunter related what he had seen.

"Joe and I will go down the ladder into the tree," said Kennedy.

"And while you are gone I will get everything ready to take us away quickly. Don't use your arms till the last extremity. It is useless to reveal our presence here."

Dick and Joe answered by a sign. They glided noiselessly into the tree, and took up their position on a knot of strong branches which the anchor had bitten.

They were both isolated on one of the principal branches, which grow straight in the midst of the forest called a baobab; the darkness, augmented by the thickness of the foliage, was profound; however Joe, whispering to Kennedy, and pointing to the lower part of the tree, said "Negroes."

Some of the savages had really climbed the baobab; they were

swarming on the branches like reptiles, climbing slowly but surely; they betrayed themselves by the odour of their bodies, which were rubbed with rancid oil. Soon two heads appeared in the midst of the branch, which Kennedy and Joe occupied.

"Attention!" said Kennedy, "Fire!"

The double report sounded like thunder, and died out in the midst of cries of pain. In that moment all the band had disappeared.

But in the midst of the howling a strange, unexpected sound was heard. A human voice uttered the following words in French:—

"A moi! a moi!" ("Help! help!")

KENNEDY and Joe, stupefied, regained the car quickly as possible.

"Did you hear?" said the doctor to them.

"Yes, I heard someone calling out 'A moi!'"

"It must be some French missionary they are martyring. He has fallen into the hands of these savages. But we will not go away till we have done all we can to save him. He evidently heard the shots, and hopes for providential intervention. We will not fail him if you agree."

"A moi! a moi!" repeated the voice in more feeble accents.

"The barbarians!" cried Joe, palpitating. "But suppose they kill him in the night?"

"That is not very probable; these savage tribes kill their prisoners in open daylight; they must have the sun!"

"Suppose I profited by the darkness to get near the poor wretch?" said the Scotchman.

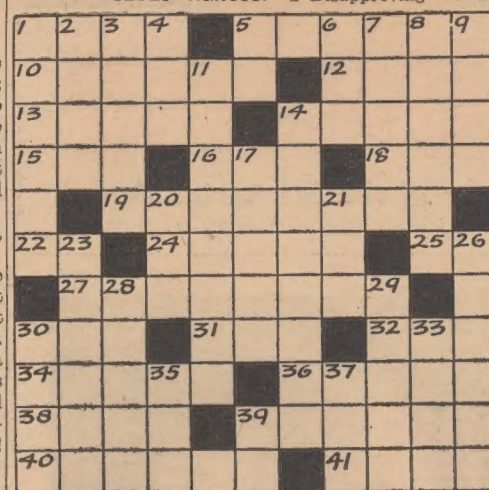


BANKER IN THE DRAUGHT.

Although you may not think it, he is a banker. Draughts (under or over) do not trouble him, for he is sheltered at a corner of a building, where he is making up his accounts and balancing his books, if he can, to see if there is another kind of draft present. He is, of course, an Indian, and he is a street banker in Udaipur.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Disapproving sound. 5 Arouse.



CLUES DOWN. 2 Notion. 3 Fashionable. 4 Thus. 5 Remain. 6 Vide. 7 Cargo vessel. 8 Ask. 9 Musical pipe. 11 Sent back. 14. Stableman. 17 Vegetable. 20 Flow. 21 Watch. 23 American animal. 26 Air. 28 Oxygen. 29 Was too fond. 30 Crazy. 33 Turn. 35 Big country. 37 Single point. 39 Because.

10 Think much of. 12 Eagle. 13 Harmony. 14 Lift up. 15 Equal footing. 16 Low. 18 Intermediate. 19 Cross-aisle. 22 Number. 24 One. 25 Printer's measure. 27 Expressed regret. 30 Headgear. 31 Compass point. 32 Bird. 34 Audibly. 36 Proportion. 38 College fellows. 39 Climb up. 40 Meat. 41 Whirl.

ASH HEW GAB
CLIVE ATONE
TOKAY VERGE
PEG CEASE
PERUSAL ELM
O EIDER S
DAB METEORS
DAVIT PRO
LOYAL NEGUS
ARENA ELATE
WED RUT NEW

"We can reassure him," said the doctor, and making a speaking trumpet of his hands, he called out in French, "Qui que vous soyez, ayez confiance! Trois amis veillent sur vous!" ("Whoever you may be, take courage! Three friends are watching over you!")

A terrible howling answered him, stifling, probably, the prisoner's answer.

"They are killing him!" cried Kennedy; "our intervention has only hastened the hour of his torment! We must act!"

"But how, Dick? What can you do in this darkness?"

"Oh, if it were only daylight!" cried Joe.

The doctor was silent for a few minutes; he was reflecting. His two companions watched him with emotion; they were excited by their extraordinary situation. Fergusson soon spoke again.

200lb Plan

"This is my plan," said he. "There are two hundred pounds of ballast left, as the sacks we brought with us are intact. Allowing that this man, evidently exhausted by suffering, weighs as much as one of us, there would still remain sixty pounds to throw out, so as to mount more rapidly."

"How do you mean to manage it?" asked Kennedy.

"This way. You will allow that if I can reach the prisoner, and can throw out a quantity of ballast, equal to his weight, I have changed nothing in the equilibrium of the balloon; but then, if I wish to obtain a rapid ascension in order to escape that tribe of negroes, I must employ more energetic means than dilatation; if, then, I throw out this excess of ballast, I am sure of mounting with greater rapidity."

"That is evident."

"Yes, but it has one inconvenience, for when, after it, I want to descend, I must lose a quantity of gas proportioned to the increase of ballast that I had thrown out. Now, this gas is precious; but we can't regret it

when a man's life depends upon it."

"You are right, Samuel; we ought to sacrifice anything to save him."

"Well, then, let us put these sacks on the edge of the car, so that they may be thrown out all at once."

"But how about the darkness?"

"It hides our preparations, and will only be dissipated when we have finished them. Be careful to keep all arms in readiness. We may want all the seventeen shots we have it in our power to fire. But we may not have to make use of them. Are you ready?"

"We are," answered Joe.

The sacks were put in readiness, and the arms prepared.

"That's right," said the doctor; "Joe must throw out the ballast, and Dick carry off the prisoner; but don't do anything till I tell you. Joe, go first and unfasten the anchor, then be quick back again into the car."

Joe let himself glide down the cable, and reappeared in a few minutes. The Victoria, liberated, floated nearly immovable in the air.

Two-coal Torch

During this time the doctor assured himself that there was a sufficient quantity of gas in the mixing case for the needs of the apparatus, without it being necessary to have recourse for some time to the voltaic pile; he took out the two conducting wires used for the decomposition of the water, then he took from his travelling bag two pieces of coal cut in a point, which he fixed to the extremity of each wire. His two friends looked at him without understanding what he was doing, but they said nothing.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. Rho is an Australian bird, Greek letter, fermented rye, Mexican drink, Chinese rice dish?
2. How many poets can you name beginning with H?
3. At what temperature is water heaviest per cubic inch?
4. What strait separates Ireland from South Wales?
5. Do whales lay eggs—or what?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pedicel, Pedicle, Pedical, Pedicure, Peduncle.

Answers to Quiz in No. 442

1. Old Japanese coin.
2. Cowper, Cowley, Coleridge, Campbell, Collins, Chesterton, etc.
3. 80 degrees.
4. Mary II.
5. They shouldn't be dated; genuine notes aren't!
6. Pannous.

JANE

BACK AT THE CANTEN...



WELL, DONE, JANE!—I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR SKILL AND PLUCK IN ROUNDING UP OUR LOCAL SABOTEUR!—YOU'RE A CREDIT TO NAAFI!



I'M SURE HE DOES!—WHERE IS HE, BY THE WAY?



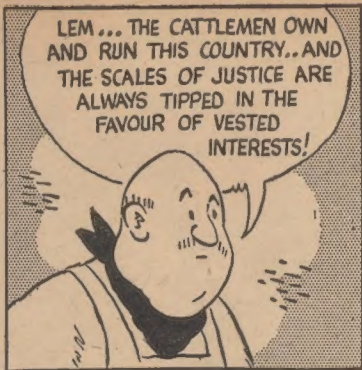
WANGLING WORDS—382

1. Put a height in CY and make it cold.
2. In the following first line of a popular song, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Emia ej puucoabe sovu nildrag.
3. Mix BOTH, add R, and make it beat.
4. Find the two hidden trees in: As for Smith, Jun., I personally think he got a very racy press report.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 381

1. TrustY.
2. Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag.
3. A-TLAS.
4. L-on-don, Bat-h.

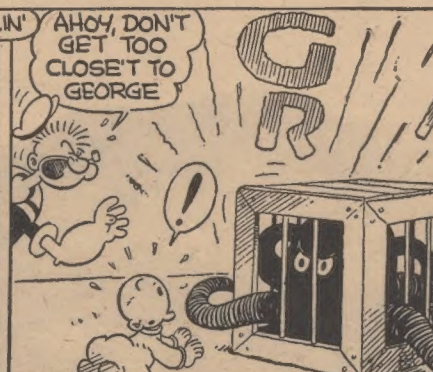
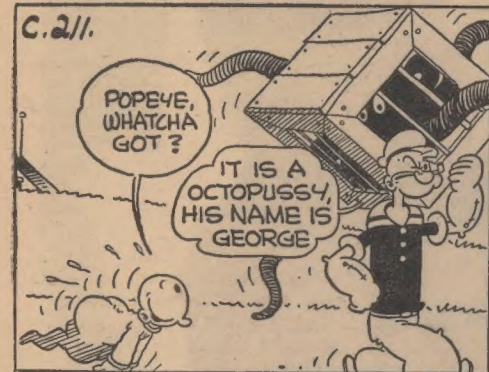
BEELZEBUB JONES



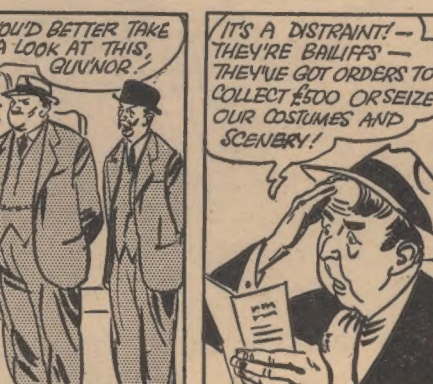
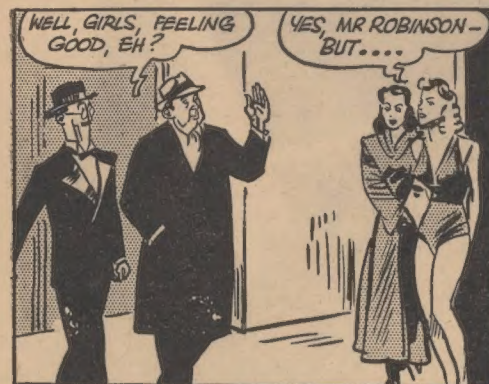
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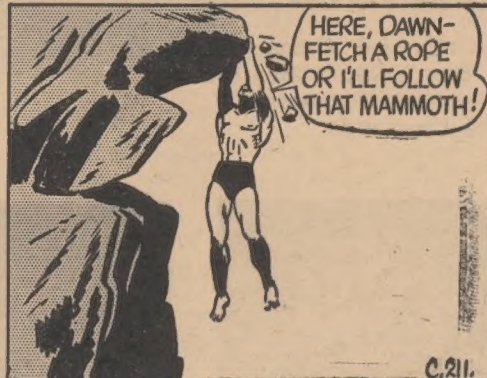
POPEYE



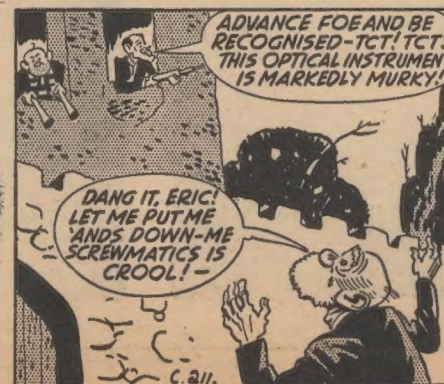
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

WAR reporters and photographers are rightly imagined as being fairly tough and worldly individuals, but war artists, who share the same hazards, are, for some reason or other, not classified as such.

To be a war artist, a man—or woman—has to be a hundred per cent. fit, and possess most of the tougher qualities of the fighting man.

And how does one become a war artist? Well, every week the War Artists' Advisory Committee meets and considers work submitted to them. Sometimes an artist displays exceptional talent and he may be offered a permanent post. This means donning uniform and taking the rank of captain.

To secure "background" for their work, they often go right into the front line—and more than one brilliant painter has paid the big price for his daring.

Captain Anthony Cross is typical of the paint-brush band of adventurers. He has been on the battlefields in the Far East and Middle East. Several times narrowly escaped death—and always returned with the picture.

But, in spite of his wide travels, Cross's most hectic periods have been in London. During the early days of the war, when children suspected every person they saw with a sketch-book as a potential spy, Cross had many anxious moments explaining to the Law, brought by worried parents, that he was not a Nazi agent. When he held an exhibition of his work he sent invitations to six of the constables who had proved especially "difficult."

BEST known of war artists to the Royal Navy is Captain Barnett Freedman, who recently spent some time aboard a submarine, during which time he sketched portraits of the entire crew. In all, he produced over sixty works of art, including a large painting of the control-room. So careful and accurate was the "detail" in the painting that it is possible that the picture will in future be used for instructional purposes.

Before "Repulse" was sunk in Eastern waters, Freedman spent many hours working aboard her.

During the withdrawal of British Forces from France in 1940, Freedman was told to return to England. He was at Boulogne at the time, and, not wishing to lose his latest picture, titled "Aircraft Runway in Construction at Arras," he went into the town to get the painting before the Huns arrived. He got it and then got out.

Eric Kennington is another war artist who has gained the admiration of the Royal Navy. His portraits of the men of H.M.S. "Hardy" and H.M.S. "Exeter" rank among the finest war works.

A. R. Thomson, the giant deaf and dumb A.R.A., who is an official artist for the Air Ministry, is another front-line canvas worker.

I QUOTE William Connor in "Union Jack":—

"This Army newspaper is short of news-print.

"Soldiers have to share copies, and we have to curtail, condense and exclude news which we know to be of interest to our comrades.

"The 'Tattler,' no doubt, has some duty to its readers, though we feel that the events it describes form a somewhat shrill and reedy piping to the sombre symphony of a nation at war. We envy them the materials which are at their disposal. The use they put them to, however, is like scattering confetti on a gun. Or having a paper chase through a cathedral.

"Still, maybe I'm wrong."

BACK-STAGE of the English Rugby

football a storm is brewing. County officials and players—among them R.U. committee men—are becoming restive at the blissful inactivity of the Rugby Union in the past five years.

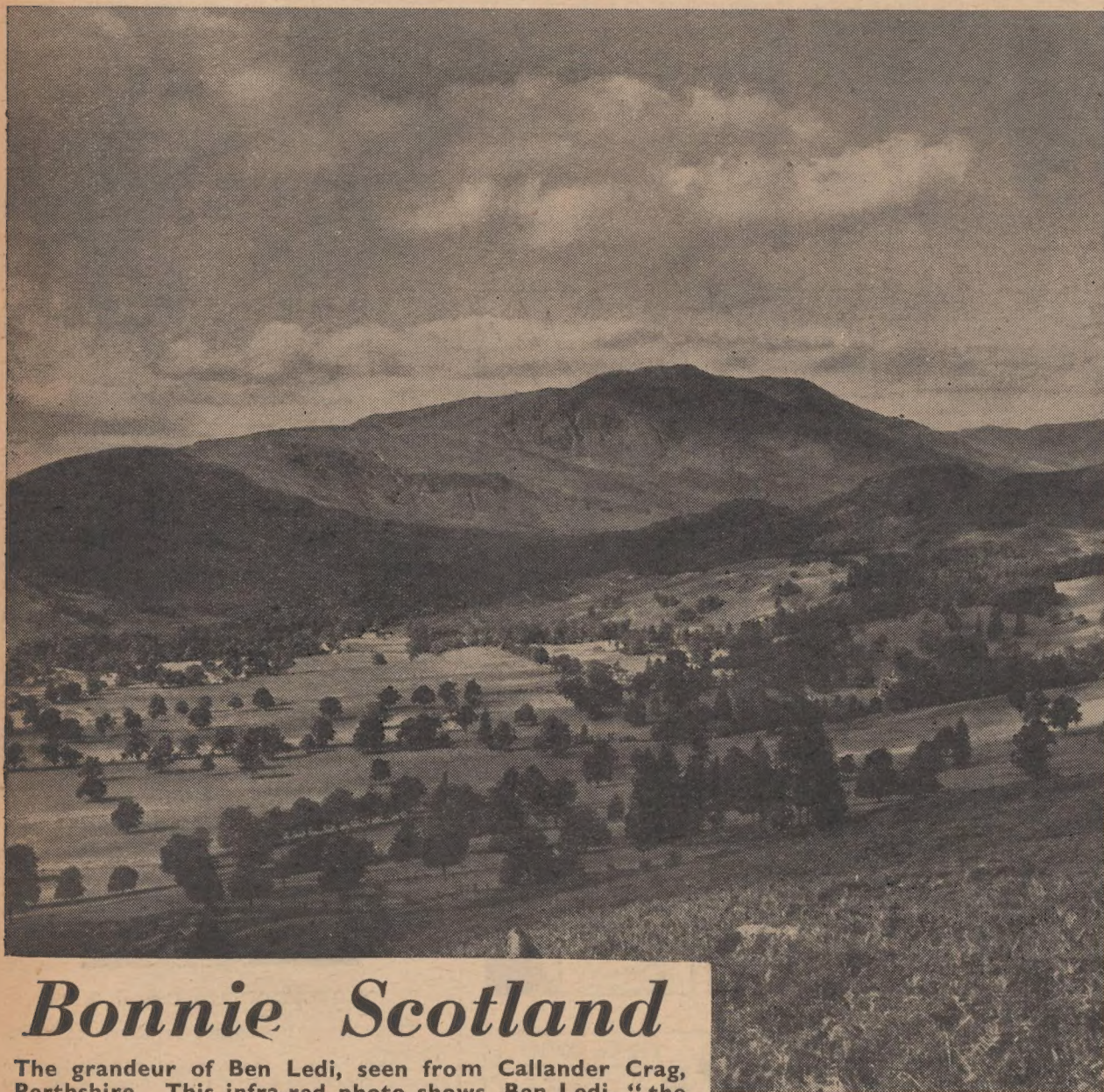
The committee have not once met, and the men bent on stirring up the highly placed idlers want to know what is the policy for re-starting the game after the war and what plans the R.U. have in mind, what safeguards there are for the grounds against the post-war players.

They want action, and if none is forthcoming I foresee trouble ahead, with live wires and youth rebelling against the hibernators, whose idea seems to be to let the counties and the clubs do all the work to get on their feet again while they themselves retain the sweets of office.

Ron Richards

**Good
Morning**

"Cor, blimey, brother! Must I
invite you to taste my cornet in
Swahili, or something!"



Bonnie Scotland

The grandeur of Ben Ledi, seen from Callander Crag, Perthshire. This infra-red photo shows Ben Ledi, "the hill of God," one of the first mountains the traveller sees when entering the Highlands from the Lowlands.

"I can see miles and miles, and what can you see that I can't?"



"And now I'll lay me doon to rest."



"Me, too, though mine's a different posture."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Funny ways animals have got!"

